

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

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WEATHER—Snow or rain, colder, northerly winds.

THE OUTRAGE ON THE BRIDGE.

The trustees of the East River Bridge have permitted an astounding outrage upon the people they are supposed to serve. Not content with promoting the scheme of the Brooklyn trolley companies to run their cars across the Bridge, practically without cost, to tout for custom on this side, they have allowed them to take possession of the entire western end of the structure, and run a grid-iron of tracks at grade across the esplanade that forms the only approach for foot passengers. The cars in any case must have made the Bridge almost impassable for wagons, carriages and bicycles, and now it is proposed to make it impassable for pedestrians, too.

When the trolley lines secured the privilege of using the Bridge it was felt that the public rights had been sacrificed, especially as no compensation was secured for the favor, but as it was supposed that the residents of Brooklyn would gain some advantage from the plan, the remonstrance against it was not very vehement. But nobody at that time gauged the extent of the assurance of the corporations or of the complaisance of the Bridge Trustees. Nobody imagined that the companies in the exercise of their gratuitous privilege would elbow everybody else off the Bridge. It was not supposed that they would send their cars over here equipped for slaughter and prepared to levy on pedestrians on this side of the river for new occupants of the corporate addition to Greenwood. It was thought that they would come in modestly where they would not be in the way, but where passengers could find them easily if they wanted to ride, and pass safely over or under them if they wanted to walk. The possibility of their encroaching on any part of the main approach to the Bridge, on the grade, not to speak of grabbing the whole of it, never occurred to any human mind outside of the Bridge Trustees and the offices of the companies.

It is said that the proposed arrangement is merely experimental—that the corporations want to see whether it is dangerous or not, and that if they find, after killing a few people, that it is, they will change it. Let them change it now. Let the experiment be considered as made. The homicidal record of the Brooklyn trolley companies does not encourage us to hope for an agreement between them and the people of New York as to the number of lives that may properly be sacrificed in making a test of an economical idea.

The companies will save themselves expense by adopting proper methods now rather than waiting to be forced to do it later. On the first of next January Robert A. Van Wyck will become Mayor of New York, which will include Brooklyn. He will appoint a Commissioner of Bridges, and thereupon the present Bridge Trustees will go out of office. It will be the duty of the Commissioner of Bridges to enforce this provision of the municipal charter:

The New York and Brooklyn Bridge is hereby declared to be a public highway for the purpose of rendering travel between the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn certain and safe at all times, subject to such tolls and regulations and police regulations as the Municipal Assembly shall adopt and prescribe, provided, however, that the passage-way of the Bridge now set apart for foot passengers shall remain free and open to all pedestrians coming or going at all times.

It is quite certain that Mayor Van Wyck's Commissioner of Bridges will not interpret that provision as authorizing the Brooklyn trolley companies to take possession of an entire end of the Bridge and turn it into a slaughter pen. They might as well do their work right now as two months hence.

A NICETY OF LEGAL ETHICS.

"Thank God, I never did such a thing, and I have been practicing before the bar for many years," exclaimed Lawyer Howe when he heard of Mrs. Nack's confession. "Did what?" asked a Journal reporter. "Allowed a client to plead guilty against whom there was no testimony."

Mr. Howe may congratulate himself upon the fact that he and his fellow-attorneys who share his ideas of professional ethics have caused the number of lynchings in the United States to exceed the number of legal executions, have given sixty homicides for every infliction of capital punishment by law, and have made human life more insecure in this Republic than in any other civilized country on the globe.

There was no doubt of Mrs. Nack's guilt. Mr. Howe avows it himself. Yet he, an officer of the court, sworn to promote justice, says that if he had been in her counsel's place he would not have allowed her to confess the truth. He would have insisted on attempting to make the court and jury believe a lie for the sake of turning a human monster loose upon the community to commit more murders.

People sometimes criticize the size of lawyers' fees, but any price would be dirt cheap for a thing like that.

NO COMMON GROUND.

Spain has sent a special envoy in the person of Senor Jose Canalejas y Mendez to this country and to Cuba to promote the acceptance of the plan of autonomy which has been proffered the ever rebellious island. This gentleman has been giving out the most soothing assurances from Washington, and is to proceed at once to Havana upon his mission of peace.

There is one all-sufficient reason for assuming that this mission will be futile. There is no possible ground for a peaceful understanding between Spain and her long suffering colony, or between Spain and the Government of the United States, for the reason, as ex-Minister Taylor declared out of the fulness of his observation, that the Spaniard has no conception of real self-government for any people.

The Spanish idea of government is that of power concentrated in a few hands, to be exercised, beneficially or otherwise, over the great mass of the people. Government proceeding from the people themselves and directed to their benefit is outside the range of Spanish thinking.

The proposed plan of autonomy illustrates this. There is to be a local parliament of restricted pow-

ers, having no control over the most important relations of the people, those which they held with the rest of the world. Even such powers as it has are to be subject to a veto by the Governor-General sent from Madrid. The administration is to be in the hands of a committee appointed by him from the Colonial Assembly, and having no responsibility except to him.

The Cubans have imbibed ideas of independence and self-government from their contiguity to the United States and its people, and they know just how much this promised autonomy would amount to. If they were to yield to the blandishments of the plausible envoy from Madrid, it would mean a continuance of the same greedy and exacting rule that has drained the resources and exhausted the patience of the island in the past.

The Cubans cannot be fooled again, and our Government should not be deluded with the notion that Spain has suddenly learned that to which her mind has been densely impervious for four centuries.

THE CANADIAN ENVOYS.

Canada. When we are dealing with England alone about British interests we can get along very well; when we are dealing with Canada about Canadian interests we can come to a satisfactory agreement, but when we are dealing with England about Canadian interests we find ourselves in trouble. "None but principals need apply" is a common maxim in the business world. In international affairs the difficulties of negotiating through an agent are endless.

In all negotiations in which Canadian interests are involved Great Britain is simply Canada's messenger. It is useless to argue with a British official. He may be convinced in his own mind that our position is sound, but his hands are tied. His business is not to listen to reason, but to carry out the instructions of his principal, and that principal is Canada. He is in a false position. He has to appear obtuse or wrong-headed when he is merely under duress.

When we deal with the Canadians directly these difficulties will disappear. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a man of keen and receptive intelligence. He can talk over matters with our de facto Secretary of State and the two will be able to reach a reasonable agreement. There is no reason why our trade relations with Canada should not be greatly improved. It would be to our advantage, as well as to that of the Canadians, to have the wheat of Manitoba sent to the mills of Minneapolis for grinding and to have the suburbs of Buffalo spread across the Niagara River. Reciprocity would tend to emphasize the essential unity of the continent, and so would work for peace.

RECRIMINATION OF CRIMINALS.

When accomplices in crime fall afoul of each other the chance of justice being vindicated is increased to the satisfaction of all decent people. Mrs. Nack's testimony against Martin Thorn condemns herself as severely as the man against whom it is aimed.

It is given out that Thorn will testify in his own behalf in his trial, and there is a possibility of using his evidence against Mrs. Nack on hers. The result may be and should be the full penalty of the law for both.

Mrs. Nack declared on oath that the testimony which showed her to be equally guilty with her paramour was given voluntarily, and under no promise of leniency from the prosecuting attorney. It seems to have been done on the advice of her own lawyer, on the bare chance of an escape by sacrificing her accomplice. This makes certain points of criminal law especially interesting in this case.

On the evidence of this woman there is a deliberate and premeditated murder committed in that Woodside cottage. It was therefore murder in the first degree for anybody concerned in it as a principal. Any person who aids or abets such a crime, whether present or absent when it is actually perpetrated, or who counsels, commands, induces or procures its commission, is a principal and not an accessory.

On her own testimony, unswayed and freely given, Mrs. Nack, as well as Thorn, is guilty of murder in the first degree, and there is no ground for accepting a plea of guilty of a less offense.

The testimony of an accomplice must be corroborated in order to convict. The confession of an accused person, whether made in judicial proceedings or elsewhere, may be used as evidence against that person unless it was given under the influence of fear induced by threats, or on a stipulation of the District Attorney that it shall not be so used, but it is not alone sufficient to convict.

Mrs. Nack has testified against herself as well as Thorn, and if the latter goes on the stand to show that she did the actual shooting and cutting up, as he threatens to do, he cannot fail to expose himself as a principal in their common crime. No ground for leniency toward either is likely to appear, and through the mutual hatred into which their passion, misnamed love, has turned, they may furnish proof of their own and of each other's guilt, of which the circumstances will afford ample corroboration.

This should make easy a speedy and fitting conclusion of this most extraordinary case, in which there is no room for sympathy or pity for any one concerned.

OUR SECOND BROADWAY.

The work of tearing down, slicing off and cutting through blocks whereby the Elm street improvement is to be effected goes on apace, and already plans are being filed for fine buildings along the new thoroughfare. It gives promise of a second Broadway from the City Hall to Union square which in a few years may rival the old one in grandeur and activity.

That is to be the route of the underground rapid transit road, too, and it would not be surprising if that should draw so much vitality to the new thoroughfare that the old one would suffer an eclipse. It is quite possible that business may drift to the line which has the advantage of quick and easy access, and Broadway may decline in comparison.

Why should not this new Broadway be ultimately extended diagonally across town on the East Side above Union square, as the old one runs up through the West Side? The immense advantage of this diagonal line of communication up to and

through the section west of the Park is obvious. It would be equally advantageous to have such a line cutting through the blocks and opening the way of expansion to the section east of the Park. Our rectangular arrangement of streets needs relief on that side.

JUST A FAMILY NAME.

The Cleveland boy is named Richard Polson, for his mother's father—just a plain family name. That is more sensible than the "Grover, Jr.," which the Princeton youth desired to impose upon the heir of the ex-President.

In fact, the father's name might have proved a drawback, and it would look something like an effort to confer fame at the start. It is more democratic to give the child the name of the maternal grandfather, and the more he escapes the distinction of the paternal name the better it will be for him. Besides, Dick is a good nickname, and what is a boy among boys without a nickname?

Footpads held up a Chicago man, and ever since he has been without his power of speech. It requires some such vicious action to make the average Chicago man quit talking.

A Missouri school teacher was beaten to death by several scholars whom he undertook to discipline. There is some excellent football material going to waste in that school.

The position of half back in the Austrian Reichsrath is believed by experts to be the most dangerous one in that legislative body.

If Mr. Mudd, of Maryland, reaches the United States Senate he will have no difficulty in arranging a pair with Mr. Clay, of Georgia.

By calling them glove contests the pugilists are pulling off some very lively prize fights in all parts of the country. Fitzsimmons and Corbett had to call their glove contest a prize fight in order to make it a success.

The fact that he has voluntarily withdrawn from politics indicates that Cleveland's Republican boss was not of the genuine variety.

If Dr. Parkhurst returns home and finds an improved city government he will doubtless be greatly chagrined.

The thoughts which Mr. Platt doesn't make public have been securely packed away in ashboxes.

The Administration could hardly survive many more understatements of the Ohio variety.

It is frequently the case that the man who imagines himself to be self-made is simply the victim of self-made manners.

The contention over the first sleeping car is in a fair way to give the Keely motor a rival.

FROM OTHER PAPERS.

Heavy Watterson on the Situation.

Here in Kentucky the returns leave no room for doubt. The voters will not have Republicanism at any price. They will not have fusion at any price. They will not have a third party, or take a middle course, at any price. They elect to follow all the excesses of the Chicago platform and to stand by Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, and a repetition in 1900 of the ill-starred campaign of 1896. Having brushed aside all obstructions and simplified the situation, they range themselves by a great majority upon the side of the extreme of the extremists. There is nothing upon the surface, or immediately in sight, to restrain the leaders of the dominant Democracy. They have the State in a sling and may do with it as they please. He who crosses their path or gets in their way will have his labor for his pains if he have not cause to rue his temerity. No prudent man is likely to attempt it. For the time being, at least, conservatism, like McIntyre, has gone to the bottom of the sea.

These are, in brief, the chief points which jut out upon the current political map.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Convicted by the Journal.

The certainty that Thorn will be convicted of murder in the first degree and that Mrs. Nack will serve a life sentence calls attention to the part played by the newspapers in bringing the murderers to justice. The New York Journal, particularly, ferreted out evidence against the couple, and aided in the identification of the body.—Springfield Union.

Mrs. Nack's Tale Anticipated.

Mrs. Nack's story does not differ in material details from the theory of the crime that was worked out by the newspapers of the metropolis that earned the credit of unravelling this mystery.—Washington Star.

The New Journal as a Prophet.

The New York Journal is a pretty good guesser. Its ante-election figures were: Van Wyck, 296,548; Low, 137,594; Tracy, 101,046. The official result was: Van Wyck, 293,752; Low, 146,821; Tracy, 100,908.—Haverhill (Mass.) Bulletin.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

A Coming Democratic Voter.

To the Editor of the Journal: I congratulate you on the victory you have gained for Democracy. Long live the Journal, Van Wyck and all Tammany administrations. I am only seventeen years of age, but I was twenty-one I would vote the straight Tammany ticket. I have won a Van Wyck button since he was nominated, and many a time young Republican and Citizens' Union fellows tried to take it off, but it is still on my coat lapel. A YOUNG DEMOCRAT.

Indignant Friend of the Miner.

To the Editor of the Journal: There is one subject upon which I would ventilate my feelings—and the feelings of others—and I know no journal half so competent to take the matter up as your own. I refer to the threatened royal bounty to be bestowed upon the miners in the Klondike by the Canadian Government.

When I think of this imposition I have no words to express the indignation I feel.

Have we in our Canadian legislature—at our doors—simply a crowd of pauper bandits, more barbed than the stage robbers who hold up a coach on the plains?

It has been stated to me that it is useless to appeal to these legislators to force this threatened robbery—their territory is so beggared and impoverished that it is incumbent on them to tax everything in sight and out of sight.

We will tolerate Canada a certain time, and by the eternal hills that time will be a short one. Canada will cease to be Canada. This threatened royalty of twenty per cent upon the product of the mine is an imposition it is difficult to find terms to condemn, in view of the facts bearing on the subject: the fact of our pioneers having discovered the mines, what Canada could never have done; the toil and privation and risk they underwent, and still have to undergo, the risk of starvation, the vast distance to be traversed, and the unanswerable fact that these Canadian oppressors may step across into our territory and mine to their heart's content without the least of a cent.

If the Canadian Government is in this dire strait for resources, why, I have no doubt about it but there is kindness and charity enough in these United States to come to its relief.

It appears that the miners themselves—those most directly affected—are bold and unashamed in their protest against this threatened imposition, and it seems to me that a spirited and aggressive Journal like the New York Journal—a paper of shame—could be engaged in no better work than the clamoring of their cause.

New York, Nov. 10. T. H. H.

The Best Man Chosen.

To the Editor of the Journal: I compliment your paper for the instructive work it did in behalf of Mr. Van Wyck. Your paper could not have spoken for a better man.

It is now evident that the people of New York have lighted the lamp of industry and economy and Mr. Robert A. Van Wyck is the one who will strike the match. BENJ. F. REESE.

A Florida Enchantment.



"So they've been gun burning up the hotels in Florida," said the newly retired General at the Waldorf, throwing aside the newspaper with its cheering St. Augustine dispatches. "Glad, I'm surprised they haven't done it before. I felt like starting in myself, only I'm a personal friend of a man in the business, and he let me off for half rates, which is only twice as much as it costs me to live here."

"This is business at St. Augustine," the General went on, frugally nursing his 25-cent cigar, "reminds me of a scene we got in Florida last Winter. It's a good hotel, fine climate and all that, but the people there nearly all had a wild, anxious look, for the charges made everybody except the millionaires wonder how they were going to get home again. And the millionaires were the maddest of the lot, for they're the fellows who have the best idea of the value of money."

"I was awakened about 2 o'clock one morning by frightful screams in the rooms next to mine on the third floor. They were occupied by a Kansas egg king and his family—a wife and grown daughter. Pretty girl she was, too, with big blue eyes and light hair and a fine young figure. She was doing the screaming, and in ten seconds there was the dance and all to pay."

"When I stuck my head out of the window that night, the front of the building was knobbed with heads, all stuck out of windows like my own."

"The cause of the row dangled within a few feet of me—a young fellow hanging to the end of a rope and kicking. The rope wasn't around his neck, but under his arms. Every room in the hotel was supplied with such a rope for escape in case of fire. The ropes were long enough to reach the ground and were automatically unwound slowly by a mechanical jigger. The jigger in this chap's room didn't work right, and the rope stopped unwinding when he was half way down—right in front of Miss Henley's window. He bumped against it and woke her up, and she naturally screamed. Anybody would. I would myself, or feel like it."

"General," says the young fellow at the end of the rope, reverencing my head, "I wish to God you'd do something to get me out of this scrape. My arms are being saved off me, Madame," he cried, addressing the window that the screams came from, "if you'll keep quiet for a minute I'll explain everything. I don't mean you any harm, I couldn't do you any if I did—no more than a trussed turkey could. I'm awfully sorry, and apologize right here and now with all my heart, I assure you. Pardon my pajamas, but if you'll stop to reflect you'll realize that it might have been worse. General, if you or somebody with sense don't get me out of this I don't see the hotel for damages I hope to hang here forever!"

"They'd got into his room by this time, and when I arrived there in a dressing gown they were hauling him up hand over hand. He was the hottest man I ever saw, and his language was fit only for the navy. Of course there was lots to be done next day. The hotel proprietor was in the egg king's private parlor, trying to square himself with old Kansas and his daughter when the young fellow was shown in. He had begged me to go along, not because he needed reinforcements, but just as a spectator who would enjoy things. His father was at West Point with me, but backslid into the military."

"I'm John the Baptist," he said, bowing first to Miss Henley, who was in a flutter, for a handsome, gallant, better dressed fellow never put foot in Florida, which is a fraud. Then he stared hard at the hotel man, who looked worried at once.

"What I mean," the young fellow continued, "is that I'm John V. Drowser, son of the Rev. Dr. Drowser, the Baptist preacher of New York, of whom you've heard, of course—everybody has. I'm here to square myself, if I can, for the alarm I caused you last night, Miss Henley. As for waking up the whole hotel, I don't mind

A ROMANCE OF MIDNIGHT.

It was midnight on North Clark street and a carriage was just rolling out of a lively stable. The fashionable but somewhat mysteriously gentleman in the carriage leaned out of the window, produced a roll of bills and asked what his ride would cost him. The liverman, evidently an old friend and as trustworthy on his feet as the other, waved his hand.

"Not a cent! Not a cent! It's on me!" The man in the carriage looked affronted.

"I want have it that way! You've got to take the money!"

"I tell you no! Guess I can send my friends home in a carriage if I want to!"

"The man in the carriage climbed halfway out."

"I guess I can pay for any rides I get," he belloyed, waving his roll again.

"I want take your money!"

"You've got to take it!"

"You can't make me take it!"

"I say I will!" And the man in the carriage came out entirely.

"This is your money—I pay for any rides I get!"

"Don't you dare put that money in my pocket!"

"I will!"

"You want!"

Bliff, bang, bingle.

And the man who wouldn't take money for his carriages and the man who wouldn't ride free clinched, fell down, rolled over and over in the mud, got on the gangway which leads out of every lively stable and rolled down into the street.

North Clark street is torn up badly these days and they rolled into the excavation. Down below the surface, in a maze of gas pipes and yellow water, they continued the battle. And the spectators, some of whom leaned over the edge of the abyss while

that. Anything I can do to annoy or damage this robber's roost delights me. I'm given to walking and doing other things in my sleep instead of lying still and getting the good of it like a Christian. Last night I was just acting out a dream. For a month past, I've been putting in my time and squandering my father's estate at these hotels, paying whatever they chose to levy for board and lodging, paying 50 cents to fish, 50 cents to cross the bridges they put up for that purpose under an ornamental pretence, paying five cents to look at the sea, five cents to walk on the ground, 10 cents to look at the fish other people have caught with the bait the hotels sold them, and otherwise fulfilling the only object of a visit to Florida, which is to hand over your large bills to the hotels and bleed small change at every turn at every pore. I needn't go into particulars; you know how it is yourselves."

"The egg king rose from his seat, walked up to Drowser, shook his hand, went back to his seat and didn't say a word."

"I paid my week's bill last night just before going to bed," proceeded the young gentleman, gazing with a softened expression on the now rosy and interested and smiling Miss Henley. "I don't know how long I had been asleep when I dreamed that the proprietor here knocked at my door and, in a low voice, whispered through the keyhole that he was armed. He also informed me in the same menacing whisper that he had all his clerks and bell-boys behind him, with their tip pouches on, and that he understood I had money concealed in my room."

"As I never got armed myself, I couldn't think of standing off the king, so I made for the fire escape, with the result of scurrying up half to death, Miss Henley."

"The glance he gave her made the young lady roser than ever, and her blue eyes were as tender as a dove's, by Jove!"

"But you ought to have seen the hotel proprietor. He was purple and white by turns. At last he broke out:

"Mr. Drowser, this is infamous. Your libels, sir, are monstrous. If I run hotels, it is only for amusement. As for money—"

"You can't help hailing that wherever you see it, even when you are at play," cut in Drowser, and, again, it was the cold truth.

"Well, sir," ended the General, rising and preparing to stamp up to his humble quarters in the Waldorf, "that Kansas egg king took a tremendous fancy to Drowser, and so did his daughter, and the young folks stopped here on their wedding trip for a couple of months ago, happy as larks."

"The groom was awfully glad to see me, and was confidential, of course. Grooms always are."

"General," said he, "dad-in-law's a brick and as full of wealth as an egg is of meat. He's been as liberal as if he was poor, too. 'John,' he said to me when I asked him for Henrietta's hand, 'you can have her provided you promise me one thing. I'm not stingy, and am willing to provide well for you both. If you play the races, or sit in at a game of poker, or take a flyer in Wall Street, or anything of that kind, I won't mind, but I'm a wedding man, and all I ask is that on your wedding trip or other travels you'll never stop at one of those Florida hotels.' We shook hands on it, and here we are."

"I believe," added the General, giving the military salute in good night, "that old Heneggs settled three millions on 'em."

Others went for ropes and tackle, could hear these sounds:

"Will you take that money?" Squash, gurgle, cluck.

"No, never! Take that!" Bliff, whack and the sound of falling clouds. Bang, bliff, gurgle, goggle. About a ton of earth fell in upon them.

"Here's your money!"

"Keep it, you horse thief!"

Bliff, gurgle. And just then the ropes and tackle came.—Chicago News.

He Still Does the Dictating.

"Miss De Haven," said her employer, "you have been a faithful worker during the past year and I believe that you would make a good wife. May I hope to claim you as such?"

"Mr. Glibboy," replied the little blue-eyed blonde, "I appreciate your kindness in making this offer, but before accepting I wish to say one word. As your stenographer I have allowed you to dictate to me, but if I become your wife I shall reserve the right to do all the dictating myself, and—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said the old man, "but further words are unnecessary. You will continue in your old position, Miss De Haven, and I will add an extra dollar to your salary, which will enable you to drown in ice-cream soda any hopes that my words may have raised."

Chicago News.

Job's Bull Exhibit.

[Washington Post.]

We should bear in mind the fact that Job had his bull exhibit before the days of patent medicines.

A Coincidence.

[Detroit News.]

It is notable that Matthew Stanley Quay has been located for many years at the place in Pennsylvania where gold has been discovered.

Irish-American Republicans.

To the Editor of the Journal: DEAR SIR: Your recent editorial on the above subject is of grave political significance, from both Republican and Democratic standpoints. I am heartily in accord with the tenor of the article, and from positive knowledge of the subject matter, I endorse every line of it, and I know that it is highly approved of by a large number of the most prominent Irish-American Republicans of New York. I am an Irish-American, and for the past twenty-five years have been a practical member of the Republican party, knowing no other political allegiance, but a zealous devotion to its faith and principles. I hope, therefore, you will kindly permit me to supplement your editorial with a brief reference to the early history of Irish-American Republicanism and its participation in a few of the most important State and Federal administrative campaigns, down to and including the late Presidential campaign.

Until about the close of the war of the rebellion, Irish-American Republicans were "few and far between." The Irish element in politics up to that era being almost absolutely identified with the Democratic party. But, soon after the smoke of battle had disappeared and the union of States had become an accomplished fact, Irish-American many of whom had obtained almost distinction on the battle-field—began to realize the solemn and necessary of creating and perfecting among themselves organizations for protecting and perpetuating by the ballot box and all other orderly means, what they had so successfully defended, and at the risk of their lives won, by the bullet and the sabre. With that laudable purpose in view, and deeming the principles and patriotism of the Republican party of that epoch in harmony with their own, they enlisted under the Republican banner, and have since devoted their talents and influence to the advocacy and promotion of Republicanism and all it implied. About this period, and for some years subsequently, Irish-Americans generally were despised and taunted—and with considerable truth too—with being bound "body and soul" to the Democratic party, and a ballot was rarely cast or a speech made by any of them, save in the interests of the Democracy. Gradually, however, their brethren, who had become affiliated with the Republican party, in speeches, by argument, directly and indirectly, and in appeals to their manhood and intelligence in behalf of Republican principles, won over thousands upon thousands of Irish-Americans to the Republican cause, until at length Republican victories became absolute certainties in State and national campaigns, where, what has since then become the rule, was previously the exception. Republican organizations composed exclusively of Irish-Americans, sprang up as if by magic, all over the country, the Irish-American vote and influence became a powerful element in Republican ranks, and co-operated materially in contributing to Republican triumphs. Faithful to their trust, and to the confidence and esteem in which they held the Republican party, they kept the field and continued supporting its candidates with the same zeal and activity, until in the Maine campaign of 1884 Irish-Americans rallied by hundreds of thousands all over the nation to his support, only to meet their Waterloo through the treachery of Republican bigots and Anglo-American Muggwumps. Yet they still hoped on, and again lined up and supported successively and successfully Harrison and McKinley for the Presidency, and Morton and Black for the gubernatorial chair. Only they who have been in the fray and in the open, as we have been at these years, know of the stupendous results accomplished for the Republican party by Irish-American Republicans, and of the great sacrifices and dangers they render these results certain and operative.

What recognition did President Harrison bestow upon Irish-American Republicans in return for the services they rendered him and the Republican party? The answer is summed up in two simple words, and they are these, "Very little." How has President McKinley appreciated their support? Two more words of greater significance than the others embody the reply, and they are these, "In silence!" How has Senator Platt recognized the debt that he and the President owe Irish-American Republicans in New York? "Very indifferently; extremely so!" For this and more, and because, too, of the malicious influences with which Senator Platt permits himself to be surrounded in the person of the Quilgers, the Gibbess, the Van Cotts et al genus, once, political vampires of the worst and most putrid water, Irish-American Republicans of New York in the campaign just closed treated the Republican ticket "Very indifferently; extremely so!"

The sequel is self-apparent, and President McKinley and Senator Platt may rest assured that similar sequels will certainly be repeated, and Irish-American Republicans will become the absolute and governing factor in their realization unless the spirit of fair play be soon substituted for that of ingratitude, and a sense of justice debate the discharge of the duties devolving upon them not only in New York, but throughout the entire country. They know and understand what these duties are, and any further delay only jeopardizes Republicanism and the Republican party in the future. Besides, the Quilgers, the Gibbess and the Van Cotts must go, and honest and honorable Republicans, men of ability and character, succeed them. There can be no compromise between right and wrong. An open Irish-American revolt is imminent. If it occurs, then good-bye to Republican victories. We shall see what we shall see.

VERITAS.

Bronx Borough, New York, Nov. 9.

THE BALLAD OF THE CRIDIRON.

Bliff and a bang and the fun begins! Thump and a thud, and the boys are locked! Spying and sneering and sowing their seeds! Legs are twisted and skulls are knocked. Over the field sweeps a wolfish pack. Over the field with a cunning sly. Surely the